

The King
Canada
and Empire

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FOR REFERENCE

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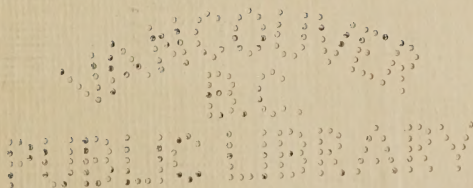
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— and —

Empire

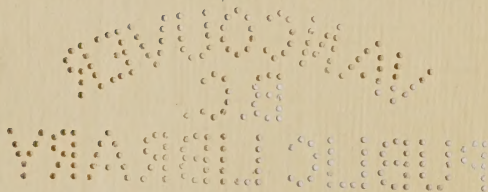
By Jane Sewell



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The King !

COME, fill your glasses, toast "The King"
The Monarch of the Realm,
With loyal voice the welkin ring
And traitors overwhelm.
A noble Mother's son is he,
With wisdom true and sound;
Like Queen of Blesséd Memory
Beloved the world around!

Yes! Let your bumper be "The King,"
With whom there's none beside,
Whose praises all the nations sing,
"Our Peacemaker," and guide!
"Though peerless as a King is he,
His kindly acts oft-told
Give strength to Empire's loyalty,
Which grows as years grow old.

Then, toast again, with prayer, "The King"
Who daily prays for you,
And, with your prayer, glad tribute bring,
Full hearts both brave and true;
In sympathy, the first is he,
Of men who comfort bring,
So swell your anthems lustily
"God save our gracious King."

TOAST—"The King."

CHORUS—"His Majesty, the King,
All hail ! Long live the King !"

22nd January, 1910.

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Hail Canada !

HAIL Canada! the first-born of the Five
Great loyal lands wherein brave Britons live!
We'll sing thy praise from shore to shore,
And be no nation's thrall,
We're strong in peace, and prompt in war
To answer Empire's call!
Rise Canada! Strong for your King,
And with Britannia's sons your anthem sing.

O Canada! blest heritage of old,
Our sacred trust, by grace of God, we hold.
Inspire us Lord with love divine
To bind with strongest tie
"Oak," "Fleur-de-lys" and "Maple" vine
In bonds that ne'er will die.
O Wondrous Love! Strong in Thy might,
Implant Thy Seed, enrich us with Thy light.

Almighty God! let nations doubt no more
Our loyalty as in the days of yore.
Our fathers fought and died for lands
We now possess in peace,
"Separation" will not stain our hands,
Nor will devotion cease
For Canada, where voices ring
In anthems loud for Empire, Home and King.

For the Motherland

THE Empire lines are flung afar
From Southern Cross to Polar Star,
But unit strong if forced to war
For the dear old Motherland.

The prestige won in days of yore
On sea and land, in peace and war
Will gain with age, if souls outpour
For the dear old Motherland.

Then let your grasp be one of steel
For friendship's sake, or Empire's weal,
Your heart the bond, your hand the seal,
For the dear old Motherland.

"Aye, ready!" let your watchword speed
O'er hills and dales, town, hamlet, mead,
May strength be great if great your need,
For the dear old Motherland.

Quench not the spirit; let it rise
And conquer those whose jealous eyes
Becloud their minds to harmonize
With the dear old Motherland.

Up, Canada! and take your place—
The foremost in the Empire's race,
Give of your best, and that with grace,
For the dear old Motherland.

For the Motherland

Why wait? Why ponder? Now's your chance
To lead the van and sound "Advance!"
To lay the spear, and couch the lance
For the dear old Motherland.

New Zealand with her Dreadnought sound
Sent stirring thrills the world around,
And with that gift made praise resound
For the dear old Motherland.

Australia's wisdom doth outpour;
"To void the dangers evermore
Build cruisers fast for peace or war,"
To aid the Motherland.

Ambitious ones will always feel
If thus you prove for Empire's weal
By peaceful force your forceful zeal
For the dear old Motherland.

Wake! India from your discontent,
Seeds sown by words in Parliament.
Spurn traitors! those with fell intent
Against the Motherland.

The Island Nations of the Seas
Each have their strength and liberty
Born of the flag of unity—
The Flag of the Motherland.

For the Motherland

South Afric's skies have changed their hue
Once warring red, now peaceful blue;
From ashes' bed wakes nation true,
True to the Motherland!

The dream fulfilled of one whose soul
Was full of love for Empire whole,
But, seized by death, he paid the toll
For the dear old Motherland.

Let no racial discord drown
The Nation's spirit deeply sown
(Like Empire gems in Empire's Crown),
For the dear old Motherland.

"Who glories in the lion's might"
Save lion whelps who have that right!
Let those beware who want to fight!
The dear old Motherland.

Hail! Empire of the sunlit strands,
Hail! Nations each with loyal bands,
Hail! Realm where forceful Justice stands,
God bless the dear old Motherland!

The Flag of Unity

FLING the Flag into the breeze
And let it ever fly,
The emblem of the Empire's pride,
The Pride of Unity.

Yes! Let the Flag fly in the breeze
And wave it o'er the land,
A warning to the malcontents
Our Power to understand.

It is the Flag which in the breeze
Unfurls its three-fold hue,
Bright token of the Empire's strength,
And forceful justice too!

Salute the flag that breaks the breeze,
Ye Britons! and remain
Strong for the right, and with your might
Its purity maintain.

Behold the Flag flung in the breeze,
The Standard of the Realm,
Borne Farther North by Britons true,
With courage at the helm!

They flung the Flag to icy breeze
Midst dangers half untold,
With faith in those whose warmth of heart
Would melt its ice-clad fold.

The Flag of Unity

Our Flag's been flung in Southern breeze
By Shackleton and Scott,
Love's labor with its silken threads
By royal fingers wrought!

Break then the Flag to loyal breeze
Until the day is done,
And with His help keep Empire safe
Where never set the sun!

Fling far the Flag and let the breeze
Forever wave on high,
The peaceful sign of people free,
Of strength and liberty!

God bless the Flag, far flung abreeze,
And may it ever fly,
The Emblem of the Empire's pride,
The Flag of Unity!

God Bless Our Home

GOD bless our Home and King
Loud let our anthems ring
For Home and King.
Grant us our hearts' desire
And with Thy cleansing fire
True love and strength inspire
For Home and King.

Blest mem'ry of our dead
Whose blood was bravely shed
For Nation young.
Through whom victorious
We now are prosperous
May their brave deeds for us
Always be sung.

May Thine Almighty power
Vibrate from shore to shore
And give us faith,
Faith in ourselves to prove
Our strength from God above
And Canada to love
Through life till death!

Separation !

DAM the river flowing to
The brink of "separation";
Blast the rocks that stem the flow
Of loyal inspiration,
Blow the coals to blazes fierce,
Consume with condemnation,
Fan the flames, and burn to dust
Rank seeds of "separation" !

Stir the blood of Native Born
To build on sure foundation,
Keep your sacred heritage
In perfect preservation.
Whet the tongue, proclaim aloud
With telling peroration,
Crush the thought in rebel minds
The canker "separation" !

Set the welkin ringing loud,
Extol the British Nation;
Bind the "oak" with "maple" strands,
Cement confederation.
Keep your thoughts and actions free,
Defeat disintegration;
Cling to Empire's Majesty,
The foe to "separation."

Separation !

Fight for Empire's righteous cause
With prompt co-operation,
Bear your trials manfully
With Christian resignation.
Keep your God before your eyes
In holy contemplation,
Pray for strength and wisdom sound
To conquer "separation" !

Oft the fruit from parent tree
Doth fall from malformation !
Turn the earth, and spray the tree
To void contamination.
Mad attempts to gain an end
Once brought retaliation,
The "flaming sword," with Justice stern
Spelled death and desolation !

For Empire

ARISE! Ye men of Canada,
And leap into the breach
Which seems to be awidening
When fame's within your reach.
You see the Great Dominions,
For own and Motherland,
Do more than air opinions,
Their children's fate in hand!

Arise! Ye men of Canada,
Give more than moment's thought,
To cause of burning interest,
Lest thought produces naught.
Don't live in fool's brief paradise,
And think that all this peace
Enjoyed by our Dominion
Will never, never cease!

The jealousies of nations keen,
Keep open wide the door
To constant, wasteful armaments
For maintenance of power.
That load is borne by Motherland,
It has been so for years;
Can Canada stand idle till
Regret turns into tears?

Our Peacemaker !

Earth calls her own, how great our loss !

But naught to one who bears her cross,

The Will of Higher Power.

Boom on ye guns, toll bells and say:

“Wake Empire! Sons and daughters pray—

“For her—in this sad hour!”

Under Way !

EDWARD our King has passed away,
King George of England reigns!
As changing guards give countersign,
"Farewell!" "Long live the King!"
Our Peacemaker has lived and reigned
As never reigned a man;
His son, keen sailor, statesman, Prince,
Will Empire fires keep bright.

He struck the match when "Ophir" sailed
Behest of sapient King,
And fanned the flames of loyalty
With well-laid train of thoughts;
Thoughts, culled from mind of Monarch sage,
For Empire's furthest end,
And sowed the seeds of present Power,
To Empire's weal maintain.

In later years he won the hearts,
Of Britain's working sons,
By proving, though a Prince, he was
A man—just one of them!
He shouldered shovel like the rest,
And helped to win the race
'Gainst Father Time with gallant ship,
Good "Indomitable."

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Under Way !

Now Ship of State new helmsman takes
To guide her o'er the shoals
Of doubt and dangers, always rife,
None worse than those within.
Great God above! "lest we forget"
Wherein our Duty lies,
"Grant him true wisdom, faith to prove
A King in more than name!"

